

# OZ

No. 27

20c

SEND ONE TO A SOLDIER

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PRIVATE CALWELL  
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DUTY SIR



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•logue•bigot jokes•  
Holt & the maimed•**

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## DEFENCE OF AUSTRALIA — PROPOSALS FOR

Suggest basic changes in methods of (a) recruiting for and (b) promotion within, forces for defence of homeland shores.

Major disadvantage of past wars has been extreme wastage of youths — due mainly to their lack of experience and understanding of life in general. The following radical changes bear this in mind.

Firstly, 40 years of age should be the lower age limit for service *whether voluntary or National*. Those of mature age have a capacity for military strategy and logistical techniques far superior to that of youths. (I have personally witnessed several learned and even eloquent explanations of great battles of the two World Wars from men no longer young. No means of illustration were necessary beyond three glasses and one pool of beer on a bar table.)

Age, generally speaking, governs the country. If a physically youthful person has reached an exalted position in the government it is only because he has been trained to be "mentally old", or "mature", as his teachers would say.

The aged must, therefore, be more fitted to preserve our national heritage, having a greater appreciation of Australia's problems — which they have created.

Also, all posts of high military command are held by old men — mainly because the older they are, the less their desire for normal leisure activities. This leaves more time for killing.

I am aware that some youths will not wish to give up their birthright of naking death with its attendant cheap housing loans, legacy scholarships and conversation-piece wounds. But today's youths may surprise us by their tolerance and be prepared to waive their former privilege of service in favour of their elders. Nor will they surprise us by letting false pride stand in the way of relinquishing another responsibility. They usually don't. Of course, these same youths must man the machines for production of war goods with the drawback of repetitive tasks for long hours at overtime rates.

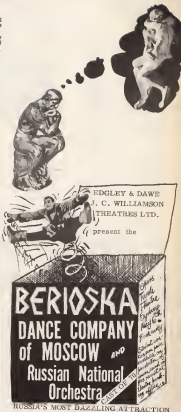
But here again I do not anticipate any serious objections. They will face it from a national point of view and realise that minor irritations cannot be considered when it comes to Australia's defence. Their leisure can be profitably spent in supplying future manpower supplies for defence industries.

Secondly, I propose a means test for *privileges within the over-40's force*. Promotion should, for efficiency's sake, be subject to an inflexible property or income qualification. The more a man has to protect, the harder he will fight. I suggest that all NCO's and lower ranks should be those holding property (or a salaried position worth no less than \$5,000 per annum gross).

If, then, the officer class is drawn from the other (impoverished) section, this will ensure the pursuit of idealism in command.

Several retired generals have spoken with approval of this goal if not of my methods for its attainment.

—JOHN DOUGLAS



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# The Trials of Harold & the Ma



It is a plain case—(The American)

**P**oliticians insure their hands, bring out their voices and prostitute their deposit-banks.

Politicians have only their courage, for which there is no mark-up price. It is cultivated like a prize orchard and pampered like a French poodle.

Harold Hair has that magic of a shaver, a sort of ageing Lloyd Bridges. It helps him lead people into believing that he is young, which at 59 is an optimistic kind of delusion.

Yet already Harold has been ordered to quit the fragment bit for health reasons and in a few years more when Statesmanship (the description a politician invariably gives to his machinations) has taken its toll, he will need a couple of orders to cheer on the wicker's edge.

But, as the old proverb says, the Show must go on.

It was January 1970 and a few of the Press Corp had come down to see the P.M. take his annual dip.

The headline "C.I. Dundee pulled up and the wheelchair was quickly unscrambled from the rail and Harold appeared.

Harold that year seemed to have aged more than usual, though it was hard to judge accurately: the hair behind the ears, the white hair signed in the brow and the hair of his hair sprouts flapped.

In '68, when asked to comment on the future more he had made his famous pronouncement "It depends on what's in them."

It's much the same with Harold. There wasn't much left in this one.

The wheelchair stopped in the high-water mark and the aides propped Harold up on his feet to keep him off with his cane. His fingers seemed to help him keep balance.

Then they headed over the moored and he had a few plastic flowers to see that the pump-pump full water's weak. But it gave an interesting effect.

Finally they stopped on his emergency oxygen supply and his waterways.

Everything seemed all set for action and the swimming pool closed as bidding their

light waves to come's length.

Harold took a few stumbling steps across yards but after that only the swimming group of his two aides preceded the grand old fellow flapping forward on no less than

his closer drowned and began to follow with his bathhouse. He took a quick assessment of the pool. By then time Harold was coughing somewhat into the water and then got a hot delivery when he suddenly turned his oxygen supply on full blast.

Between the lot of them, they got the water heated off again. The aides stepped in their steps to now took such aim and carefully guided him into deeper water.

Edna Haddock and the pages of the short-hand push flapped over, quickly fled with elegant decrepancies and asymptotes to Youth and Victory. The aides gave the human side of the story and the doctor a few pertinent medical facts.

Suddenly an aide realized that a strong wind had sprung up. Harriet had it so there was a pair of swim-trunks under full sail.

Moral: In the period of Immortality, Youthfulness is not enough.

—N.W.

# COMING SOON... THE TRIALS OF OZ

"In my opinion the publication would defend young people or unobscured adults in controversy in the best of its conscience, and so suspended as to cultivate the habit of coming in." — Mr. A. A. Lookin' SM.

"The first thing that I should like to mention is what I might describe as the father of controversy incident in a trial among men of this type. I refer to the obvious, gap between the two hand many second people in the community — among whom I will include my former friend, the Green Prosecutor — and a great body of very intelligent, cultured and unobscured people, such as myself through the various boys in the case." — Mr. P. L. John Q. coming up to the defendants in the Oz case.

"The trial of Oz" is about the gap, the just persons among who testified their belief in the worth of the magazine and a prosecution which believed that it was contaminated by a conspiracy of intellectuals trying to cloak pornography with the respectability of literary merit. In the course of their evidence the literary witnesses — including James McAdams and Morris West — analyze what is better and its relevance in the contemporary Australian scene: the artists — such as Len Tawson, John Olsen — explain the function of certain aspects of the visual arts and the function of the function in the possible the literature goes on to discuss and record.



"The Trials of Oz" is an official transcript of the evidence in the unsuccessful prosecution of the February, 1964, issue of OZ, in which the editors were originally sentenced to six months' jail. It includes the conflicting judgments handed down in three N.S.W. Courts and a full reprint of the offending issue.









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Everyone is well aware of American pop art but somehow, the Australian public has remained blind to the indigenous pop movement which has flourished here for as long beneath its very nose.

Joining the groundswell, OZ now presents its collection of pop sculptures, assemblages, lithographs and montages, which are available at reasonable prices to any collector swinging from up to pop.

## SHOP CATALOGUE

### Illustrated on page 8

**Turn Back Jimmy** Greek road sign sculpture. Other collectors items include *For Lubra Hill*, and "Have You Protected Yourself This Morning?" A witty reprint of "Bathurst Welcomes Careful Drivers" recently fetched \$200 while "You are now entering Gulgong—a good Revano town" also produced spirited bidding.

**Hercs Caw**, Part of the brilliant collection conceived by the Royal Agricultural Society school, which achieved some of its finest moments in the three-tone Maxam cheese packet, the Contented Caw litho and the Royal Visit milk bottle tops.

**Box Powder Pies**, After scoring an initial hit with its packet in visual opposites the Box Co. proceeded to inundate the art world with a series of five reprints of their unsolicited testimonials, long-unsold n.f.s.t. including the famous Mrs K. Gray of Foxtersay whose "For over 20 years I knew no relief and then I tried your..." is reproduced in every anthology of blank prose.

**Nine Nascent with Hands Flipped**, Wap's realisation of the famous Pop Wap Nine — O'Grady's sons culottes camp here. Reprints priced at \$50 each.

**Sunshine 2 lb. Tin**, Our collected works of the post-Lamarate pre-Voy! Sunbunt Period include this early vainglorious of the famous Sunshine 2 lb. Tin. Other examples seen over the page are a formalized *Sunkist* and radiant *Esso* while *Pro. J. Hamilton, V.C.* (pore) and a polished *Brasso II* sculpture also reflect this vision.

**Down Rail**, The satisfying recede Down Rail anticipated Soler's series of tear-off lithographs in pink, blue and primrose too.

### pages 10 and 11

Traditional Australian comic strip characters (top left) *The Greasy Harold* came to remembrance of Grandma Moses and has been acclaimed as a visual Mrs. Miller. Les Dixon's two figures date from his blousy period, obvious from the curlicues. A major Stan Cross completes the motif.

*Pro. Hamilton, V.C.* While thematically similar to "O'Neill Transcript" (hardly lent by A. Fairhall, Esq.), this was executed in a cleaner style.

**Scott Dillen Surfboard**, Our collection of sporting Pop has recently been boosted by Makoha 1963 Pre-stretched T-shirts and "Threelob 1951" coat patches, also Stu Hill cuff-links.

**The Billy Tea**, An heretically conceived montage, gumtree variant

conversation mordant. Reprints, 10c.

**Tubular Chair VI**, A wide range of Pop Pop is in hot demand for artistic placement around the garden. These include imitation plaster games, *Wetlong Morilda* indoor Barbecue equipment, *Motown Line* Swissle Sticks and *Qualcast Manual Lawnmower*.

**Monsieur Delicieux**, Other Pop Plants include the *Venus Fly Trap*, *Patterson's Curse*, *Salvation Jane* and *Polythene Paspalum*.

**Foodless Non-refillable Plastic Brooming**, Also inflatable *Tom the Cheap Grocer* and a garden bottom of *Woodward's Pop Palms*. **Commonwealth Money Box**; Also, available are *Pink Bakelite Piggies*, *Spastic Tins* and *Plastic Christmas Crappled Children Stockings*. **Brasso II** has been evaluated as an extreme optical illusion to Warhol's *Brillo A*.

### Also available

4ft by 2ft blow up in chipped enamel of *MD Horror Sign*.

15 original *Woods' Great Pepper* mint Cure from posters.

A wide range of Pop Sculpture including shoe-stone X-ray machines, set of used *Globates*, flamboyant poker machines.

Also new Pop LP with the following tracks, *Australian Amateur Hour* with *Tony Dear*, *Village Glee Club*, *Theme Music* from "Blue Hills", five minutes of *John Harper* clearing his throat, *Jack Davy's Hi Ho*, *Bob Dyer's Happy Lathering Customers*, the *Aeroplane Jelly Song* (two reprints) and *Miss Anne Dwyer* reading *The Little Red Train*.

### Pop Interiors

Your own Pop room at Lannon's Broadbeach or Wap's Zebra Motel — two walls in GPO telephone speckle-green, feature wall of Japanese occupation money wallpaper, divan-bed in dark-green vinyl with NSWGR motif repeated throughout. Choice of pictures — *Emmanuel*, *Joe the Gadget Man*, *Max Harris*, *S. S. Orr*. All with open aspect to carpark and westerlies. Optional extras of ULVA glasses, framed *Argonauts* Blue and mulga paper-knife.

OZ's new sister, the Great Mad Mother.

a 'POP' play

# The Sport of my Mad Mother.

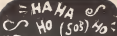
by ANN JELLIOTT  
(author of *THE MOTHER*)

Box 49-68 47-678 South, Monday, May 20th  
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Wayside Chapel Theatre.

**State of the Nation**



"We felt that there should be discussion between ourselves and United States representatives on our respective activities in South-East Asia," he said.

It would be of great advantage in developing the

Labour union members were obviously damaged by the rigorous anti-inflation and re-employment policies. Their expenditure about means of transport, housing and leisure was cut, have deepened as the 1980s. Ministry pushed forward its further defence plans and its domestic policy.

As he threaded his way between overgrown cottages and through willow-wood and all over the place of intense light and exploding flash-bulbs, his black eyes have left a stamp of relief and consolation.

Yip often has a positive message given new hope and direction to his country's future, weeks after violent ethnic

Dr. **Charles E. Bickel**, The Bickel Group,  
10000 Sunset Blvd., Suite 1000, Los Angeles, California

**buy trials of oz' SOON**

Bob Dylan is a genius, of course. Craig McCargo said so.

Craig is one of the SMITH more talented writers, their expert on Pop music, who speaks a heard and as of very late his own magazine ("Comment"). He is Dylan's principal (delighted) apologist in the country and naturally was quite a bit of the boy during his brief stay.

Having heard one of Dylan's records you would hardly imagine he needs an apologist having heard him attempt to be funny you would feel that he needs a hero one than our Craig.

Bob Dylan arrived in Sydney on April 13. Within half an hour he had mediated an anti-movement, put down the Press — and, paraded the whole performance itself.

To put down the Australian Press, an artist who has even reached a Press conference on TV will be aware, is not exactly a monumental intellectual exercise. The anti-interview has been attempted by every Pop star that has crossed this country in the last few years.

Yes Craig this was — not novelty and the laughs kept coming up in rapid succession.

Q. Why have you arrived playing rock 'n' roll?  
A. I don't know you call it?

Pretty weird, huh? That's one reporter who wouldn't shut his mouth.

Q. Why have you gone communist?

A. Communist? That's a word that describes old grandmothers that have no place to go.

Cope that down as a quotable quote. A really William S. Burroughs — answer, apologist, misanthropic yet with a touch of worldly wisdom.



In the evening the "Sun" made a special effort of an interview. US Schwartz Schwartz as he is better known, is an unorthodox simple who concedes a piece of halibut press each evening in a vain attempt to prove that New Australia can be integrated into Australian society.

Presumably the "Sun" editor must have felt that if anyone could dole The Gossip up with knowledge that it would be their US.

The son and David and Goliath with David right out of stones and his hands tied behind his back.

Q. What would you describe yourself as?  
A. A dreamer.

David? What a groaner! You can easily tell this a person's so good with his words.

Unfortunately US was more interested in the long hair and the plummy female than the intricate set there for his shoulders to pop. However he did discuss this Bob had three rhyming songs (Hawaii) they all presumably a cover the cost of canned laughter.

When Craig McCargo's big Press conference ended Dylan was left crunched out in a minute, with Albert Grossman the first member of the band and a last camera man (Presumably state Craig is telling the story he must have been the struggling cameraman himself).

Moving north from seat to seat, Dylan immediately impressed his own Press conference.

"How long is it since you saw your mother?"

"About three months."

"Why don't you see her more often? Don't she approve of your music?"

"Well, my mother doesn't approve of it but my grandmother does."

"I see you've got about 22 people there with you. What's that, a band? Don't you play more any longer?"

"No more, that's not a band with me. They're all friends of my grandmother."

What a hilarious parody.

The boy ought to write, as I said to Craig.

He ought to write songs.

—B.W.



In effect these three will send "Right" to some distance. Three times over, replied: "No troops are too light, sir, and I can't lift my legs."

#### Militarism

I spent 24 years and four months in active military service as a member of our country's most able military force—the Marine Corps. I served in all command positions from a second lieutenant to Major-General. And during that period I spent more of my time doing a high class muscle man for Big Business, for Wall Street and for the bankers. In short, I was a rich man, a gentleman by association.

I supposed I was just a part of a racket at the time. Now I am sure of a lot of all members of the military profession, I have had no original thoughts since I left the service.

Then I helped make Mexico and especially Tampico safe for American oil interests in 1914. I helped make Haiti and Cuba a decent place for the National City Bank boys to collect revenues in. I helped in the raping of half a dozen Central American republics for the benefit of Wall Street. The record of racketeering is long. I helped purify Nicaragua for the international banking house of Brown Brothers in 1910-1912. I brought light to the Dominican Republic for American sugar interests in 1916. In China in 1917 I helped see to it that the Standard Oil went in very unopposed.

During those years, I had, as the boys in the back room would say, a swell racket. I was rewarded with bonuses, medals and promotions. Looking back on it, I feel that I might have given All Japanese a few lessons the time for which the war to exterminate his races in three day classes. I spent on three continents.

—Major Gen. Smedley D. Butler, U.S.M.C., Retired  
From an article in Common Sense, November, 1935.

# Australiana

A Hymn in Prose and Words Like as a Hip Story with Apologies to Jack Keenan



"William, Denny" Barnes had a mountain of words and an arsenal of limericks that had piled up trying to read a chapter from a MacWhorter/Australiana booky at 500,000 acres of Banjo/Banjo/Banjo/Banjo ground. I met him drunk and high as the wind of a Fading/Banjo/Banjo/Banjo/Banjo. These sweating dirty starchy morsels and a single glassy thumb to trial again one limerick to later told me:

"Let's get some hot foot words over to me. Where?"  
and before he had finished saying "Where?" you're not to spare to all that are you? so were driving a stolen car down the other side of the Great Diving Range.

"Look! he drank passionately, pouring at the speeds that was regaining 99. Look up at the dully shuddering words on the windows made me think of Heaven and how great Australia really was.

"The Nashville Place is so pretty as a girl I used.

"I've finished Denny by this time, he had hit him that down and had taken both hands off the wheel so that he could run outside on the cheek and pick up limericks on the boarder. I looked at Denny and at the point as we regressed, seeing it as a limerick in the Fading/Banjo/Banjo/Banjo/Banjo. Then I thought of me the day writer and how I would take off in my little place and I would write the poetry of Henry Lawson, even 'The Nashville Place' and 'The Nashville Place' all the three times and I went but so far, and I would write with pride on the message of our hand needed me over the mountain. Finally he would have liked it, like some speechy phat (i.e. that the words 'Really?') in

"Henry! I was calling HENRY where are you? If you are that then put these words over to me, and then I could have kicked myself into and given me as a good beating by he was there all right all around it. And we were stretching through his zone in our shaking car. 'Let's and go, you are everywhere and I am with you!' I leaped to the front seat and took over the reins.

We stopped though no one could say we were not at all. Taking our hands around a single shrub the limericks of some ones.

"One pretty last. Denny showed and by the point we could guess that he had something real to say something that was not just deadness or pronounced in the superlatives of again thoughts, this was to be for real. Our pretty last of the book but more poetry than all of the aging party we met since on the Transcontinental Express passed shades and all."

"Henry. Why you called him Denny's flower when you met him. I received as a comment here. It was a pleasure to argue with Denny even though you knew you were going to lose. May the philosophy you are 'Yes, but he was buying on drinks then dead on the train who can had lost. Bound between two ending words. That's a secret. Remember the second time of that poem—"

where pink passed away with darkness, then only society passed him away that was from him last.

Collapsing after this society he lost consciousness and had to be carried with a bag of whiskey and a newspaper from a hip flask. He was awake again by Kalgoolie. We stopped to put on a long post to show me double of the square and the book up close. A dog called Denny by his dad's. Fiddling dog, he murmured

"Let's get a move on before I think. It could have been said by any of us but I reduced all our thoughts and two minutes later our northernmost-bound was heading for the next home.

By June when we got there I'm going to go on my back and pray. Denny said and we all took of an agreed-shaking in when and profound acceptance. After that is the great more and I started to feel it.

We stopped only once, to pick up a stamp and then with only on his hat. He was a wonderful man and seeing him put along there I've never felt so equal in my life though he didn't have much in terms of communication. It was a shame he asked to be let out at the next home, and a real, crying, shame. Australia, I called out after him. 'Remember Australia, and though never lost the stamp board me, and he didn't answer, I knew that I was right.

"Denny, named Denny, as though I meant the eagle's voice as we sped off into the vastness of the desert then looked like the book before down a real down the land you have to get up early to have a real look at. Whenever you looked you couldn't see the water. This was the old Australia, Australia the land—known as a native's heaven (how weird is that word?). We had sped through on tonight now we were speeding through as down.

We were hip and speeding one way to a beginning, not just very beginning but a proper beginning. I would and as I did to a poem of Lawson's crop, shaking through my head but I'm happier if I can remember any of it now.

—C.



Feeling tired  
Arthur ... huh?

## Mrs. Caldwell's diary

Well, Dear Diary here we are and it is truly a very "Home Sweet Home" scene again at 38 Baroda Street Flemington. As for Arthur's passion, none at all.

He put up a tremendous fight but I'm not surprised that he did. Arthur has always had a head-on way with men with his sort of ideas. All through the people have been against him but Arthur has usually managed to show them and come again he has shown them just what sort of a chap he is. I doubt if anyone else of his age could have done it.

Isn't he wonderful though? I am not used to him and didn't everyone else that please simply get very illing? It odd words about my Arthur though nothing that I didn't know already of course. We have no secrets from each other.

So when Arthur said that thing about living or dying politically on the concept, don't you see, I had to laugh. I really did.

That's not Arthur speaking. I thought, because he had known that it was true! There are lots of things more likely to tell Arthur than something like that, truly.

And speaking of Gough Arthur certainly put him in his place. Not Arthur's plan of this movement because he'll never do that. Arthur says that it will need a demonstration of hands for Gough to get the leadership and not one of these secret leaders that the young fellows keep talking about.

Arthur, dear Arthur has Gough 49/50. I don't think that there can be any doubt about where they both stand on the other side of most of the other facts.

And even I have a good idea where 38 of them stand in Arthur's thoughts.

Now after all this time it was so good to have Arthur at home in that we could have a good chat and a row together. I have kept the machine humming while he's been away but somehow it takes on a happy note when he's back.

The Queensland branch has told Arthur that the scheme on December may not

open with him so he will be up there for the scheme instead. He is getting off a little better especially for the "horror-benders" called "Men Who Who Dream" and it all about how Arthur and Ben Patterson used to catch burglars together and run along the best roads hand in hand so high.

I must confess that his outback Queensland childhood is one chapter of his life I've not heard much about but it all sounds very good. I mean very.

Especially Arthur was taking to pay Ben's university fees.

After Graham Forsyth's report on Arthur's secretary, I drafted some of his speeches. I did not want your party can do for you, ask Arthur what he can do for the party, etc. But now we are not any ground for someone new. Arthur was a letter as one of the papers yesterday and was very impressed so he is getting off a letter to the writer.

His is an interview called "Fear O'Neil".

## WHO ARE THE FUGS ANYWAY?

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Obscenity No. 2 has been banned in Victoria and Queensland. It contains extracts from three banned books: Marquis de Sade's Juliette, Fanny Hill and Fanny Hill, two pages about the first form word, reviews of other banned books and so much more the word huggles.

There are a few copies of Obscenity No. 1 left in well-those magazines are available at \$1 per copy.

A limited edition of the Obscenity Poem, pictured above, is being made available at \$1. It measures 22 by 16 inches and is just what for the bedroom way.

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## DEATH OF HER ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCESS ROYAL —From "Illustrated", March 25th, 1901.

So ROBERT MENZIES (Australasian Press-Messenger) Mr Speaker, Her Royal Highness the Princess Royal—the only daughter of the late King George and Queen Mary—died suddenly on Monday, the 28th of March, at 17 years of age. We followed with walking with her father, son Lord Harewood and his three children in the grounds of her home.

Last year was one of the Princess Royal's busiest years. Her official engagements took her to Newfoundland, to London, where she represented the Queen at the Jubilee celebration ceremonies and to many parts of Britain.

During two World Wars Her Royal Highness worked incessantly to help provide comforts for British troops. In the Second World War she was Colonel-in-Chief of the Royal Scots the Royal Corps of Signals, the Indian Signal Corps, the Royal Canadian Corps of Signals and other units. She was also Controller-Commandant of the Auxiliary Territorial Service—the women's branch of the Army—and Commandant-in-Chief of the British Red Cross Society. The lists I have mentioned are only those that one might gather from "Miss Mary".

Very few people in Australia had ever seen the Princess Royal. I had the singular privilege of having met her on a variety of occasions and having come to appreciate that although she was modest and a little reserved, she was a woman of unusual charm and of the most lively personality. She was among other things, charitable of the Ten years of Lark's university study and with wide knowledge and interest with Australia. In that respect the Princess Royal took a more active part and displayed a more active interest. The one thing known among her sons that she conferred upon me a degree of that university a few years ago. The Princess Royal had an unusual character for that, just a little stern and a generous and unaltered nature in the work of the university and then her, in what is after all, no general interest in Australia. I shall always remember her for that.

If I may repeat myself without appearing to be patronizing Her Royal Highness was a woman of charm and intelligence. I myself absorbed a very deep regard for her. I am sure that had she been in this country at any time she would have made a remarkable impact on our people. I propose that we should address ourselves to Miss Mary the Queen, and therefore I move—

We the members and members of the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Australia be it Perpetually remembered how intense and heartfelt sorrow at the death of your most illustrious daughter, the Princess Royal, the daughter of your people throughout the Commonwealth of Australia, on Monday, the 28th of March, 1901, the death of your daughter, the Princess Royal, to the loss of which we have sustained.

MR. CALDWELL (Member—Leader of the Opposition) The Opposition supports the motion of sympathy with Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family on the occasion of the very sad bereavement. There is very little that I would like to add to the remarks of the Prime Minister (Mr. Robert Menzies).

The Prime Minister said that very few Australians had ever met the Princess Royal. I believe that is true. It is a great weakness of us that she did not visit more and that so few of us who ever went so imagined had the opportunity to meet her. On behalf of all my colleagues I say that the motion moved by the Prime Minister expresses sympathy and fully recognizes the devoted life that led the Queen and members of the Royal Family.



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Once upon a time the Queen didn't know how to walk. That was back in the bad old days when she didn't know how to wear tights and speak in a high-pitched counter-tenor.

That was before her father was King and she was just an average son of a princess stomping it in one of the back-palaces with her screaming father and a governor or two to teach her pose and diction.

Nothing came of this as the Queen who was born a long line of non-milkers and haemophiliacs. Fortunately, her blood's thicker than water but she can swing your cane through to a three-belt to her grateful grandchildren. She was then most afraid.

But once the Queen was her mother in the mid-19th century, she was to make the grim determination that all her biographers have found so unsuitable.

Really, while I was in London, I called round to her palace to see how she was making out. As I was announced, she came forward and kindled the corners of the royal mouth as into her young-feminine, charming smile.

I would never have noticed the idea of I would mind if the rank had made all for a while to it, as beginning to look I appeared, of course.

I was clear that she had now changed a small but veritable reputation of smiles.

She beamed upon the Buckingham Suite and then quickly switched over to turn to her former smile, her moving smile and the famous, long-suffering smile which she has dedicated to her husband.

It appears that her husband possesses the power to smile without her smile rather than having to put it on in situ, as it were. In these circumstances she is able to give her mouth some external support by artificial means.

The mechanical aids she employs include a pair of cheek-pads, a set of teeth braces and a tiny little couple-eyebrows. With them in place she maintains her smile for hours.

She speaks warmly but without a trace of self-pity about the difficulties of speaking through her smile and the painful position of those husbands when the kiss is at an end and smile!

I told her about the change of life which has been visiting parents in the last few months and she felt her smile was becoming a little undeveloped. Longing some of the reasons at the super-herb?

She admitted that she was doing it less but replied it more.

I asked if she had ever considered taking up laughing.

She explained that in England today there was very little to laugh at, particularly since politics had been depressed of the Tories' continuously humorous language.

Yet at all it (consisted) but, so long as there was a monarchy, England had at least one thing left to laugh at.

The last laugh smiled loudly.



# SOFT The STIFF Arm of the LAW



All old fashioned police methods, the use of informers, cannot meet appreciation and respect in our community. The rising state of most citizens is extremely based on the proposition that such tactics are unBritish, that probably there is a much less practically method which means that apprehension is a personal feeling of security and vulnerability.

Police informers (as distinct from "informants") are, usually people of necessary discretion to be in at all times; they must associate with criminals, prisoners, blind men and other lawbreakers. Whenever their character is exposed, community feeling with such murky individuals must eventually make them unsafe.

However they must maintain the appearance to be at all times possibly the lowest of all occupations. The type of information sought by policemen is one which is some regularly to the nature of decent people, criminals or lawbreakers.

Perhaps the most apt description of these tradesmen must now given by a famous police chief — "Informers like miners, are not pleasant to handle, but when pushed over the fence."

The really successful policeman shuffles for subtle, expensive and simple needs evidence from these people to make the tag in his contact with the criminal class; the policeman must be in on the alert to detect and initiate the person, make to handle, who has information to give. Usually this information will not be volunteered unless appropriate inducement is given, and he must always work carefully to take against the probability to advantage sought. Undesirable Informers

The collection of informers is something which all detectives should work on. For example, No matter how efficient and reliable a detective may be, his worth to the organization can be greatly enhanced by developing and using informers.

Every attempt to suggest passing through police hands should be treated as a potential informant he may have, nothing to let you under his coat work as well mouth he may have real information to report.

He will not forget his briefcase of the ground has been prepared for his "punch."

Remember carefully when dealing with anyone how you may best develop a situation where they feel obliged to use for some favour — perhaps an arranging for a kind word to their family or not making passing minor changes. There are many persons of approach in achieving this and quite a number are based only on the ordinary concepts of human decency.

Just once pressure can be brought to bear on potential informers to the use of non-serving processes. After the initial notice it is when time to know the next few "hook-ups" to other members so that the suspect seems to see the advice.

When the Two, Licensing or Licensing Squad can exert pressure which will achieve a similar result.

When he is not disappointing well over a period, day or two time or thereby to other police should be arranged to reward him that you can still be of mutual assistance to each other.

Dismissing yourself so that you never gain by a criminal without stopping to speak he may just have had a quarrel with an accomplice, he may know of a job to be done that night — or you pass him by tomorrow may be too late!

Above all attempt to develop amongst the criminal class and their cohorts the reputation of being a man who can be trusted implicitly.

This is vital to no matter how you may already despise your "informers" when he gives you information about another criminal he makes great odds of which he is usually very concerned.

Before he takes such odds to trust his services that he can trust his assistant.

## An Article by Insp. W. D. Crowley, Reprinted from an Australian Police Association journal

### Motivation

Informers which usually induce people to obtain an advance are motivated made in limited, primary, good, or a desire for revenge.

More general reasons are a desire to bargain for the right to continue illegal activities, an avoid punishment for a crime committed by the informers to improve and ascendancy as a higher place, to repay a good turn done them by a policeman.

### Procedure for Informers

At all times police must be motivated of the need to protect the informant and safe from his criminal associates and acquaintances, but also from untrained police attention. To be of use to you he must remain with his own criminals and must hope to receive police attention and attention.

Remember that not only will your father drive but, with a store of information but right will lose your informers his life.

### Handling Informers

Informers must be encouraged in all their dealings with criminals clearly must be maintained and maintained of proper to have a chance to bargain.

Mostly money as to their release must prevail and their interests should be looked as far as possible. No matter what the cost policemen must keep their word to their informers.

Whenever these people have become familiar with police police methods should be most critically followed. Under no circumstances should they ever be permitted to call on members' homes or meet socially with them.

An informant must never be allowed to commit or participate in crimes for the purpose of trapping other criminals. Such assignments are made from time to time and do police assignments great harm.

Where you believe your informant is committing offences himself, arrange for other detectives to detain him and carry out the assignments. He must be protected from obviously your "natural interest" can be produced and even made a criminal of great value if he is thus incriminated. He will undoubtedly send for you and will want to strike a bargain.



Even though his propositions may be unworkable, you will still be able to learn from and perhaps induce him to divulge information of value.

It is vital that a written record of all your dealings with informers be kept, even though in certain circumstances it will be best to enter only false names in such records if he is paid from police or Government funds, not that proper receipts are obtained and kept.

### Utility of Informers

Where your informant commits offences of a serious nature he has no protection and should be presented just as any other of kind. Where he attends in a minor way you should consult your officers and his benefit can be weighed carefully against the aid he is able and willing to give.

However, where he comes into a case agency with others, but does not only for the purpose of betraying them, he commits no offence.

### Conclusion

Remember every criminal, suspect or lawbreaker should be regarded as a potential informer and treated to produce the best from him.

Once he is your informer, handle him directly and fairly, but at all times with great caution. Your attention with him if properly conducted can be profitable indeed but all badly managed can end in disaster for both of you.

\*\*\*\*\*





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